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NUMBER ONE IN THE WORLD

LEG SHOW

NOVEMBER 1991 \$4.95 U.S. \$6.95 CANADA

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STOCKINGS

TINY
CLEAN
FEET

"STROKE IT!"
That's An
Order!



7165658424 2

INTENDED FOR
MATURE READERS
OVER THE AGE OF 18



BLACK LIST

Dear Diana,

I wrote to you a few weeks back, sent photos, and placed an ad. I'm now writing to try to start a service for all the readers who are consistently getting "ripped off." I hope you will print the letter for me and also for them.

I just recently got back into corresponding and trading. I put a few years back out of frustration, people not answering and at least not returning photos I sent or any of their own. Since starting back, I have sent photos to people that either have not answered, or have answered and not sent any photos, and asked me to send even more. I have sent our 3½ hour amateur video to 5 people, and have only heard back from one couple. Losing the photos doesn't cost much, but it's the thought of some asshole out there running a phony ad and ripping the rest of us off that passes me off. By the same token, losing a video costs the time that you put into getting the video together, the cost of buying blank tapes, and the high costs of making one first class.

To give an example of one person that is evidently ripping people off, I want to tell you of my experience with him. I wrote to an ad of a supposed lady in N. Tonawanda, NY, and sent a photo. "She" wrote back and said she liked the photo of my wife's feet, and wanted to see more of them. She requested that I send more photos and a video, and that

she would send me some of hers. "She" didn't send a photo, only a very short letter I checked back through the ads in my back issues, and found another "lady" and a guy from the same town that had placed ads in LEG SHOW with different POB numbers. I wrote back and told "her" about this and told "her" to send a photo in return for ours, and have never heard from "her" again.

In order to help stimulate people like this, I ask for your help and the help of fellow LEG SHOW readers. I hope first of all that you will print this letter. I then hope all the readers who have been ripped off will send a list of the names and addresses of folks that have ripped them off. I would also like for them to send a SASE with the list. I will compile the list, make copies of all the names, and send copies of all the names, and send copies of all the names to your photo sessions. My girlfriend and I have been having pantyhose adventures for some time now.

A typical scene involves us dinner with Jill in a nice dress and light sheer all-the-way hose. I'll drop a fork or something and when I go to pick it up I say, "I wonder what color panties you have on?" She spreads a little and gives me a quick peek. My hand on her legs.

Then at home I pick up her dress from behind and saver the sight of her ass encased in nylon with her shiny panties bunched up underneath, held tightly by the pantyhose. As she bends over her ass widens and now the panties become as tight as the hose around

before you can get them to them. It is very simple to do, because I've had to read the same type of letters to people within the last week since I didn't have the type photos that they requested. As I see them know that they are not getting ripped off.

I want to say again that LEG SHOW is tips, but you do need to show more bare and stocking yourself!

Thanks,
J & F
POB 297
Gainesboro, NC 28529

PANTYHOLES

Dear LEG SHOW:

Just picked up your June '91 issue—what a treat! Maria in pantyhose is hot! It's good to see that you are finally using pantyhose in your photo sessions. My girlfriend and I have been having pantyhose adventures for some time now.

A typical scene involves us dinner with Jill in a nice dress and light sheer all-the-way hose. I'll drop a fork or something and when I go to pick it up I say, "I wonder what color panties you have on?" She spreads a little and gives me a quick peek. My hand on her legs.

Then at home I pick up her dress from behind and saver the sight of her ass encased in nylon with her shiny panties bunched up underneath, held tightly by the pantyhose. As she bends over her ass widens and now the panties become as tight as the hose around

her beautiful flesh globes. Pushing her dress up further I see how narrow her waist is, with the nylon band on top of her hose conforming to this bewitching shape. Now I'm pushing my cock in against her crotch, feeling the tautness and smoothness of the nylon. Before long I can't take it so I poke a hole in the hose, push aside the panties, and slide into that wet, hot pussy. The pantyhose rip a little wider and her ass cheeks are starting to bulge out. At 12 o'clock I lose control, feeling that I have fucked my bitch with her clothes on.

I pull her dress down a little and now it really looks like I'm violating her—my cock up her cunt while she's fully clothed, with her dress and slip all bunched up and a nice tear in her hose. She lets out a little scream and pushes her nylon ass towards me hard. I thrust madly and hear her words, "C'mon, baby, come in my hole. Fuck your baby in her dress. C'mon, boy, squirt your load!" I lose it and shoot a big wad into her pussy. She falls on the couch, ass hanging out and my juice dripping out of her hole, wetting her panties and pantyhose. A beautiful sight!

We buy a lot of cheap pantyhose! Total sheer are the best and they give an unobstructed view of the panties. Also, check out Loren Dolan's pantyhose videos—after posing, etc., she has the girls shove their hose (and panties) up their cunts! Then they slowly pull them out—where!

Robert & Jill

PUTTING HER FOOT DOWN

Dear LEG FORUM:

I am a 32 year old flight attendant, 5'9" tall with a fairly attractive body and face. Judging from the men who come on to me during a flight, I am happily married so I don't go out with them, but... I am also a dedicated and deliberate cock tesser. Nothing gets me more sexually aroused or than sexually teasing a man into an absolute sexual frenzy and then watching him squirm and beg for relief—especially when it's my own husband, Michael. Don't misunderstand, we have a good sex life, but when I get into a teasing mood I turn on my live-in victim and believe me, he does suffer ex-

quisite frustration. Michael is especially susceptible because of his intense fetish for women's stocking feet. Here's what happened last month...

I deliberately denied him sex for one week, then left on a 4-day trip. Needless to say, when I returned my victim was already "climbing the walls" out of frustration. We made small talk about my trip as I crossed my long legs and started to dangle my pump (my pumps and feet were permeated with foot odor, especially since I deliberately wore the same pantyhose for 4 days!). Michael tried to concentrate, but he couldn't keep his eyes off my stocking foot, especially when I started to slide it slowly in and out of the pump. I began to allow the pump to slip off and slowly arched my foot, rotated my ankle, and wiggled my long,

At this point he knew I was in one of my sadistic moods and started to beg me to tease him. His pleading only excited me more. I extended my legs, pointed my stocking toes, and placed them just an inch from his nose and wiggled them, laughing. He grabbed himself so masturbate, but I told him that if he did I would deny him sex for a month. He got up to leave, but I told him the same thing—and he knew I meant it! So there he sat, all hot and frustrated and rock hard!

I continued his agony for at least two hours. I made myself a snack and generally satiated around in my stocking feet all the while knowing full well it was driving my poor husband crazy! Finally I told him to stand in front of me. I slowly pulled down his pants and underwear to reveal a huge, throbbing cock with a



pantyhose. Michael developed a tremendous bulge in his pants that started to twitch. I just smiled and told him that unless he could stand perfectly still for 3 minutes while I fondled him, the 3 minutes would start to roll all over again. He begged and pleaded with me not to do this to him, that he had put up with my teasing long enough. I told him I didn't think so. Then I proceeded to glide my fingernails and stocking toes lightly over his helpless area. It was impossible for him not to squirm or writhe, so this little game continued for about 30 minutes. Finally while one of my stocking feet was tormenting his cock and balls I slowly masturbated myself through my pantyhose while my husband begged and pleaded some more for relief.

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After about 3 hours I finally placed my stocking feet just under his nose so he could smell them and watch them wiggle (but wouldn't let him suck or lick!) and masturbated him.

I put him through this sort of thing several times a year and he never knows when or how long my teasing moods will last! I have an "All American" look with a real bitch tease personality! I still enjoy prank teasing strangers, especially on my flights when the foot tease is the most effective. But if you are a true tease, nothing beats having a potential victim available 24 hours a day. Turning your own home into your private cock teasing dungeon is



unbelievably fulfilling—especially when you know precisely how to torment your victim to unbelievable frustration! So if you're a tease and married, turn your prank teasing on your spouse and enjoy his agonizing frustration—there is nothing like it!

Barbara
Huntsville, AL

CLUB DATE

Dear LEG SHOW:
It's been a while since I've written. Things were a little dry for me here since Mark was in Arizona for a few months. But he returned to New York two weeks ago and the fun and hot times have begun again. We went to our sex club last Saturday night and received a very warm welcome after our long absence. I dressed up extra special for the

occasion. I wore a sheer black placed stocking on one leg and a black fishnet stocking on the other leg. My skirt was black leather, extra short, with a slit high enough up the side of my thigh to expose the flesh above my stocking. I had my favorite heels on, red patent leather (previously shined by my boy, Al) with 5 inch skinny spikes. The type that can make holes in a man's chest. On top, all I wore was a red satin and lace push-up bra which just barely covered my nipples. And, of course, no panties.

Every man's tongue was hanging out as I strutted around the club. Some of them even began to crawl behind me on their hands and

gets me even hotter when people are watching me get turned on. I totally lose control of myself and my lust just takes over. I could already feel my juices wetting my thighs and the seat.

There are always more men at this club than women so there were only a few women standing around to watch, but there were a lot of men. Some were standing up, others were sitting on the floor. I was so horny that I felt a desperate need to have my pussy filled. Mark began to tease me further by sucking on my nipples. My nipples are so sensitive that on several occasions when I was incredibly horny I came just from having them sucked. But Mark knows me long enough and well enough to know how to tease me up until the point of orgasm and then stops the stimulation. In a way, this is frustrating for me, but he knows that by doing this, when I finally cum, it's explosive and I usually have multiple orgasms from that sort of teasing. Sometimes he makes me beg him for while before he lets me cum. When I first met him I was a little shy about this, but there are times now when I want so badly for him to let me cum that I almost cry and then I beg my little heart out.

I could tell already that this was going to be a torurous evening for me. After sucking my nipple long enough to make me weak he removed my other nipple from its filmy cover and played with and sucked that one. Some of the men already had their cocks out of their pants and were jerking off. When Mark saw that I couldn't sit still any longer he finally put his middle finger all the way into my pussy. I thought I would die, it felt so good. I was waiting for him to start moving his finger in and out, but he whispered in my ear that he was going to keep his hand perfectly still and I would have to move myself back and forth to work my cunt around his finger. I was so hot that I know I must have looked like a bitch in heat because all of the men and even some of the women were staring at my face. The seat was getting too wet and slippery for me to remain sitting on it so I stood up in front of Mark and he put a second finger inside of me. He held his hand low enough so that I was able to ride up and down easily on his fingers. I lifted up my entire skirt

over my ass and spread my legs wide so that everyone behind me had a great view. I couldn't see them, but knowing that they were there and jerking off was a terrific turn-on.

However, Mark's hand was soaked with my juices down to his wrist. When he saw that I was dangerously close to cumming he made me stop moving. I saw a wet spot of precum on the bulge of his jeans. I removed my cunt from his fingers and sat on his lap facing him. I could tell that he was feeling a little tortured himself, so I opened his zipper and released his cock. I wet my hand with my pussy juices and started to slowly jerk him off. All of a sudden he lifted me up and slowly had me sit down with my pussy surrounding his cock. God, it felt fucking fantastic! His cock is so large that it seemed to take several minutes rather than seconds for the entire length of it to be completely inside of me. But finally I was sitting all the way on his lap with his cock filling me up and his balls touching my ass, it felt like heaven.

He made me move up and down as slowly as possible until I was on the verge of cumming. As I've mentioned in my previous letters, Mark never allows anyone to witness my orgasms. We both see my orgasms as an extremely personal expression of my love for him and we feel that nobody deserves to share that with us. Most of the men at this club are such slime that they're lucky to experience what we choose to share them. Even though I wouldn't be cumming until we got home, Mark wasn't about to put his raging hand-on back in his pants and pick up and leave. He had me get down on my knees and suck him off. I started by losing every last drop of my juice off his cock and I paid some extra attention to his balls.

One of my fantasies is to someday be able to deep throat him. Practice makes perfect, so I practice as much as possible. It didn't take much sucking before he shot his hot cum into my mouth. It was a delicious load.

After a few minutes rest we said our good-byes to the other club members and went to our car. On the way home, Mark made me finger myself until I almost came and I did this over and over again during the half-hour drive. I live in

an apartment building and when we got in my elevator Mark turned me around, lifted my skirt and rammed his cock in me from behind. I came immediately and he had to cover my mouth with his hand to muffle my screams. When we got into my apartment the fucking and sucking continued for hours.

If there are any couples or submissive men who live in New York and would like to join us on our visits to clubs, please write to the "Personal Please" section. Mark and I will respond to all.

S.M.

HARD FOR LIMP

Dear Dan:

Thanks for the great issue which featured the attractive American girl in "Glimpses" traveling in Paris. I especially enjoyed it when she had to pull up her skirt and pull down her pantyhose for a nature call in the park. I would enjoy seeing other teasing nature call photos with ladies with their slips and dresses up and nylon panties pulled just past the edge of the john. It seems very sexy when they cover them-

selves with spread full skirts, almost as if they intend to strike a pose of merely sitting in a chair, though they are obviously seated on a toilet or an outhouse.

On another subject, I was interested in the gentleman's letter where he expressed an interest in a feminine leg with a cast on it. That prompted me to think of a sexual fetish that I had since I was young. Every time I see an attractive young lady on crutches who I know is permanently disabled and will probably spend the rest of her life on crutches, I get an uncontrollable erection. I always end up jacking off several times over the next several weeks when thinking of her dragging her helpless legs, propelled by her upper body, supported by those two inanimate sticks. This is especially true if she has leg braces. I am not turned on by a cast, because it is a temporary injury, from which she will recover. Women in wheelchairs do not have the same effect on me. Nor do women who have had a leg amputated.

I don't know why I am so turned



(continued on page 44)

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★ MAN OF THE YEAR ★

I know many of you read LEG SHOW, and particularly my admissions for a female magazine, you may be wondering, "What's he doing here?" Well, it's in a world where men and women seem at such unusual odds to find a home where the women understand see the way you do. And that's the overhang for the year you do. I know some of you have been very fortunate in your private lives. You've found women who you can confide in and share your special intimacy with. You are the envy of all who have lived isolated with their sexual desires.

The sad truth is that men and women handle their sexual needs differently, so that even a brother and sister brought up with the same sex and sexual values can have such other's sexualities. Males seem to primarily formed from visual images stored away in childhood, while female sexuality is formed from touch, or touch, experience, as well as visual images. However, if the world was a perfect place we could all grow up in nurturing sexual environments where our parents understood that sexuality is formed in the first few years of life and we would be more likely to feel it necessary to turn us internally comparable men and women. As it is in our sexually hysterical culture, almost none of us grow up to be sexually satisfied in the institutions, neither in school nor in the home. Men, so vulnerable to sexual care, take in what is available on television—usually violence and色情—while women and grow up with a sense of touch and touch, turned to fit first class at all and grow up to be sexually imposed, with abnormally low sex drives or orgasmic difficulties. And as long as our culture refuses to address our needs as sexual beings, the quality of our lives we will continue to suffer. So, why in the meantime, thank Goddess we have Dr. John Money.

His name may not be familiar to you. He's not a flashy talk show kind of guy. He's not a movie star, he's never been on *Cyneplex*, or traded wimmin with Johnboy. He doesn't wear shiny best sellers on how to make love to the single nympho or on getting the girl to catch up a bloke, but John Money is the sexiest sex sex we know, sex, you and I, than anyone in this country and perhaps in the world. He is a genuine sexologist, a scientist specializing in the

study of sex, and the most courageous man writing on the subject today. So though I know you come to me for the comfort and stimulation of a woman's sexual viewpoint, guys, I urge you to read what that man has to say. He is a champion of human sexual rights, and your right to be the man you are. He has informed you, no doubt how "Shameless" that may seem to the all-enlightened villains whose repulsive culture created and new consciousness. John Money can help you see very clearly just what the world do, and will place through the blame and shame. His books are a bit awkward on word choice, but worth working through, even of some distant remembrance in needed.

What's important to me about Dr. John Money is that he is confirmed to all early life supporters of sex education child abuse. As he points out in his book *LOVEMAPS* (free from Publishing Inc., New York) we play and pretend to be every other sex of child development, but in this one sex so vital to what functioning and happiness, we draw the curtain of taboo. We are so quick to jump to the "immature adult parents" and "pre-adolescent" as a single institute of pediatric sexology or adolescent sexology in this country to research the roots of these adolescent agnos and other guidance for society's youth. If it's elementary you think that the way we regard sexuality itself in would be needless by 25, I happen to put a higher value on my sexuality than I do any teeth and I say it's unusual to find a person who can turn off sex and thoughts of sex for the regale by sharing the what when the logical results of neglect come to pass.

My voice rarely heard here on LEG SHOW, though, John Money has the year of surprises ahead. He is the Professor of Medical Psychology, Professor of Pediatrics, Professor and Director of the Psychosocial Research Unit at Johns Hopkins University, Editor of *Memory* and talent in get has won to be a legend. I recommend his book *LOVEMAPS* as a good starting point, and I lists a number of other books by the author. For having the guts to get out there and speak from the heart again, I name Dr. John Money my LEG SHOW Man of the Year. Get to know him, guys.

—Dian

SAMMI,
AUSTIN, TEXAS

Sammi is finishing college, preparing to be a veterinarian, she's very athletic, running three miles a day and also doing snow skiing and snorkeling. Though small and delicate, only 5 foot 4 inches, 104 pounds with measurements of 34-22-34, she is very aware of her feminine power and likes to exercise it. To make her even more dangerous, she's done a small amount of modeling and really knows how to pose her tight young body and especially her beautiful, shapely legs.

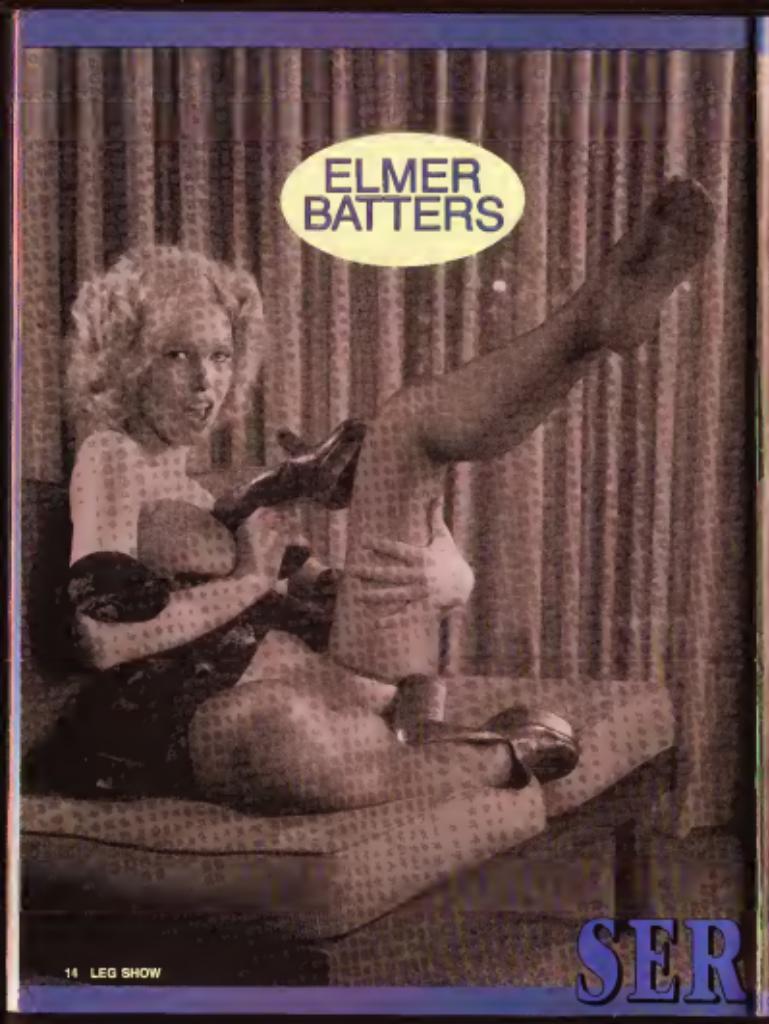
"Her favorite tease opportunity is our weekly 'action' date. I take her to fine restaurants and clubs and she dresses nicely to drive me and all the other men crazy. She loves to tease men with her sex-ability and I love her to do it!"

—Her Husband, Ben









ELMER BATTERS

SERENA



How many of you remember a beautiful porn star of the 1970's named Serena? She was one of the first of the real stars, a delicate blonde with perfect features and trademark inverted nipples. Serena could have taken that pretty face to Hollywood, but she was a naturally nasty girl beyond anyone's control. She was the first porn star to parade her pregnancy in the movies and magazines, renowned for her refusal to shave any of the blonde hair from any part of her body, and known to go anywhere, any time, barefoot. Dean tells me she directed a movie shot with Serena fifteen years ago for another magazine and she had to pare the thick calluses off the bottoms of her feet with a pocket knife before taking the photos. And Serena cried "Don't do that, I'll just have to build them up all over again!" I think I was the first one to put shoes and stockings on her, but then I took these photos before she was in porn and had no idea how big she'd become. If I'd known, I might have had her show those callused feet. What a contrast their hard, tawny surface would be to the elegant star she became!

- Elmer



VIDEO TAPES

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PART II " "
PART III " "
PART IV " "

ALL PARTS (10000)

Specify () VHS () BETA

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____

SORRY!! NO C.O.D.S or PERSONAL CHECKS



Dear Dian:

Here are some photos of my sexy wife and her sexy shoe collection. I hope your readers enjoy them as much as we enjoyed taking them.

L&S
Chicago, IL

1 2 3

2

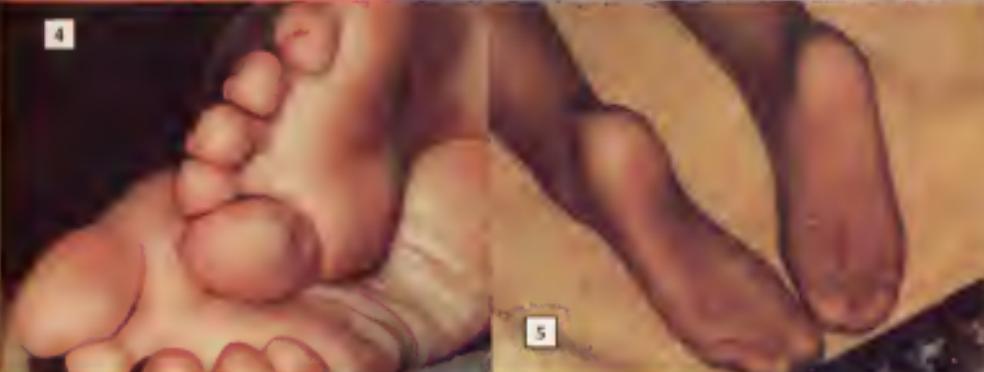


Readers:

Here are some photos we want to share with you. Would like to sell or trade. Place ad for Nurse Nancy in Personals.

4 5

Click



5



6



7

Dear Dan
Here are some
photos of my wife
which I think will
knock your hose off! I
would love to see
them in your Home
Photos. We love to
sack while looking at
your mag!

R&M
1630 30th St. Suite 108
Boulder, Co. 80301

9

10

11



9



12



13



15

16



11

Dear Dan
My wife and I are
hooked on LEG
SHOW. We would
love to hear some of
the comments readers
have about my wife's
photos

Paul and Lu
P.O. Box 1284
Martinsville, Va. 24115

6

7

8

20 LEG SHOW



15

16



John and Jane
Grand Rapids, Mi

Dear LEG SHOW
Enclosed you will find pictures of my
incredibly sexy wife. She is in very good
shape for having had three kids. She
has come to understand my fetish for
heels and hose and now caters to it quite
often. She has recently shaved her
pussy bare and has me train it every
week.

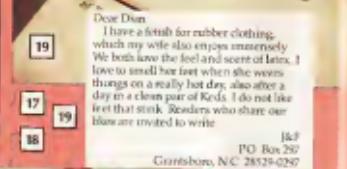
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16



Dear LEG SHOW

These are pictures of my wife over the last seven years. I would love seeing her photos in print, knowing guys all over are cumming just looking at her.

C&G
Bartram, Me

24 25 26



J&P
PO Box 290
Gainesboro, N.C. 28529-0290

Dear Dian

My wife doesn't think her legs are good enough for Home Pictures, but I finally convinced her to let the readers be the judge. We take up the skirt tease shots wearing pantyhose with perfume. We'd be happy to hear your comments on our photos or do 1 on 1 photo exchange. Send your photos to us

J.R.
PO Box 188
Tupang, Ca
93443-0148

20 21 22
23



AMANDA
SWEET
DREAMS





I know a lot of you dream about girls who are young and petite with sweet tiny feet. Not all of you want tall, long legged girls who abuse you. Some would like a girl who trains but comes across too, a girl like me.

"I'm only 5'2" and my feet are giant stumps. I don't mind being a giant and being trained. I like to be treated like a little girl. I love to please my daddy too. That means dressing in pretty things, lacy feminine clothes and wearing sexy make-up that says, 'I'm a girl.'

"Do you like my lacy leggings? My naughty secret is that I'm not wearing any panties underneath. I dressed up in



shoes off and put my little foot in his lap. "My toes may be sort of small and pudgy but they're very flat and I stepped on them right now. I'm being better and stronger before I touch his pants. Oh, I'm so excited! He's almost forty years old and I was afraid he was going to make a heart attack right there. His toe in my pussy was making me so excited I just had to touch his penis, though, and when I felt the pre-cum soaking through his pants onto my foot my breathing came fast and hard. I had to taste myself on his toe, to give in to my own need to satisfy daddy's feet. Thankfully my youth makes me very agile. I twisted sideways and still striking him with my foot I ducked my head under the table. Pulling his foot from my

this outfit to go on a date with one of my daddies and he was so excited. He didn't realize until we got to the restaurant that some of that swirly pattern over my crotch was actually sweetly pubic hair. I opened my legs as I sat at our table and invited him to take a peek under the table cloth. He was so red when he came up for air! I told him to slip his shoe off and tickle my pussy through the stretch lace with his big toe. It felt so good my pussy made a big wet spot on the lace and he could feel it coating his toe as he pushed it into my pussy through the stretchy fabric. Boys, was his dick hard? I knew it was because I'd slipped my own

pussy, I wrapped my warm lips around his cunt soaked big toe and started to suck.

"It was too much for the poor thing. He grabbed my foot and rubbed it hard against his cock three times and shot off in his pants. The hot cum soaking through the fabric onto my toes triggered my orgasm and I'm a screamer. With my mouth still around his toe that solo cum shot off in the place cars running. Seeing our bare feet and pants stained clothes they figured it out pretty fast and it took a lot of money from daddy's wallet to quiet them down.

"That's just one of the really fun things I've done with my daddies. Maybe I'll get to come back and tell you some more!"



KAREN:



You know how much fun it is to play games in sex. Well, I was playing this little spanking game with a guy recently. We weren't doing it for anything, just plain paddling. First with him over my knees, I nestled his cock in my sitting hand and then I slipped down between my knees with these silk stockings on. Once he was licking me to sperm harder and I realized that he was using each stroke as an excuse to thrust his penis through my stockings, masturbating himself against my legs. I couldn't believe how hard he'd gotten and started spanking him a little lower, slapping the swollen base of his cock, where it curved up into his asshole. He gasped and screamed and shot a big wet load of cum all over my stockings.

It's the fine line of being lightly spanked right on that place is, between his balls and asshole, was so great he couldn't help but cum and it got me really cumming, so I asked to do it over with him.

With her eyes squinted she was savoring how good his ass felt. I kept spreading it just a little wider and I felt her hand trailing directly on my cunt and asshole and how that's when I shot through me! It was as if every nerve ending was on fire and I raised my ass higher and higher wanting more. He could see what was happening and as tight as I was slipping on, I finally went a ruler but not sideways over my buttcheeks. He would parallel to my crack, touching my cunt and asshole directly. My ass was quivering with delight and I began to feel something up there. He picked up a small crystal salt shaker and crissed it up there, slipping it into place with the ruler. I felt my cunt! Something up my cunt, too! I quivered, nearly delirious. The pepper shaker slid up there effortlessly.

"Now each tap made the plug thrust into my cunt."



and ass and I felt as I was being double fucked and disciplined for the naughtiness of it at the same time. I locked my legs around his and felt immobilized then as if I was also helpless to escape. I was dangerously close to orgasm.

"That's when I felt my friend's cock jabbing me in the crotch. It had swelled even from my passion and he was pulling the shadoks from my holes. 'Not I wanted, wanting so bad to cum, when he replaced the plug in my ass with a far bigger one, his blotted cock. As he pummeled my ass, forcing it open to accept him, he continued spanking my cunt with the ruler. It didn't take much. I came with a shriek, just as his cock spewed into my tight asshole, his thrusts forcing the cum to splatter out around his phoning tool.'





MAR-HA

T



Say, what would you do to get my stocking tops in your mouth? Would you clean my house? Would you wash all my clothes? Would you wash six months of dirty stockings by hand after pre-roasting them in your mouth? Hmmm, now I see we're getting a reaction out of you. Would you perhaps suck the week's accumulated secretions from this g-string I'm weasing right now? You would? Even if I told you I'd been

fucked by four different men with really big penises who came in waves of hot, thick cum up my cunt, which I never douches out? And then I put the g-string on right over my dripping, swell-as-cum-stuffed cunt and I let it soak up the flow until just the friction of my thighs rubbing lightly together made it swell. Is of course it's down my legs to sell my stocking tops? These very stocking tops? And since all that cum is my g-string and masturbation the whole time so let me know how much you loved it?

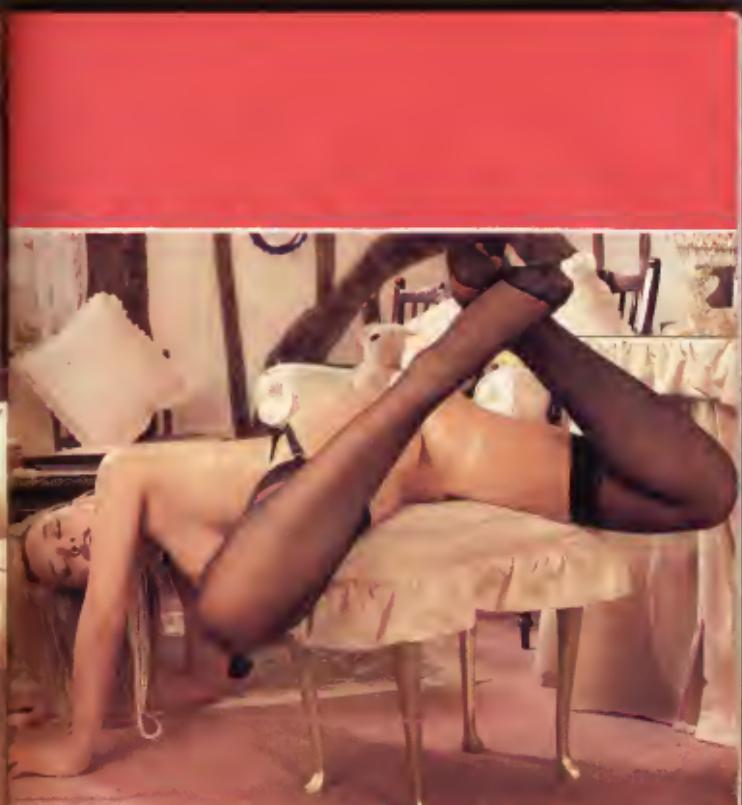
"Then I might let you suck my stocking toes. Of course, you haven't heard what's soaked into these stocking toes. It was all part of an experiment. I usually wear only clean stockings every day and clean pumps to go with them. Then my husband slipped her shoes off when we were both in the shoe store and I noticed a very strong odor coming from his feet. I knew it made my eyes water and I couldn't help but mention it. 'Oh,' she laughed. 'That's not my husband. When he's good I wear my stockings for two or three weeks without washing them. He's been specially good lately so I've worn these for three and a half weeks and he gets to have my feet tonight. That's why I'm getting the new ones.'

"What an intriguing idea! I hadn't realized men could like a smell that strong, but as I grew accustomed to it I had to admit it was very sexy smelling. If a man who'd been married eleven years could be aroused the way my friend said her husband was by stocking smell, just think what it could do to fresh conquests!

"And that's how I came to be with our strange men with my g-string blossoming from one ankle and my stockings soaked in cum and saliva. I wore my own stockings for two weeks straight, and then went back to the shoe store where I'd seen a distinctive bulge in the pants of my friend's salesmen on our previous visit. He had some friends staying with him and they were all stocking toes lovers who couldn't hold back their loads from either my cum or stocking toes when they got a whiff of my treat.

"But now my stocking toes are so stiff from all the dried saliva and cum I need them cleaned. Along with my g-string. Do you think you could do the job?"





LEG SHOW LETTERS

(continued from page 7)

on by such thoughts. I am not sadistic about enjoying people's orthopedic handicaps. In fact, I give to Shriners' Hospital, I will be happy for the day when all persons (men, women, boys, girls) can throw away crutches, braces, wheelchairs and walkers and walk by themselves. It is great that polio has all but disappeared.

When I started college in the early sixties there were many students who had been disabled by polio. I remember several girls on crutches with leg braces who prompted a number of hand-on sessions and hand jobs from yours truly back at my dorm. One was a pretty, willowy blonde who always wore skirts and seemed to glide as she swung her lifeless, braced legs on her crutches. Another was a pretty girl with reddish-brown hair who also wore skirts most of the time.

This obsession is still with me.

just as strong today. Three years ago, as a part of my job, some co-workers and I had occasion to visit a hospital. We were talking shop over lunch in the cafeteria. Suddenly, an attractive, young white-uniformed, red-headed lady came hobbling in on her crutches. She wore a skirt that stopped above her knees. She didn't have braces, but I could tell that her legs were useless since they hung limply every time she swung them on her crutches while going to the table. I was lucky my lap was hidden under the table where I was seated.

This is an obsession which I have kept hidden, since I fear ridicule. I've never told anyone about it, but it permeates my thoughts every day. I'm a lousy artist, but I was finally able to draw a picture of a beautiful blond with a very feminine white blouse and pink, full skirt, ruffled light blue slip showing, with long leg braces and crutches. When a newspaper insert featured a picture of a teenage poster girl for spina bifida, with only her upper body showing, supported on arm crutches, I cut out and extended the drawing—legs, braces and crutches—

so I could get a complete picture.

I don't think I'm a sicko. My fantasy does not include forcing myself on a helpless woman, or even usually having sex. What I often think of is mostly massaging the legs up to the thighs when she is wearing stockings or panty hose, or looking up their dresses at the full length of legs and braces. Often, I think of the wind catching their skirts when they are swinging their legs, helpless to let go of their crutches and pull the dress back down. One thought which really turns me on is the pretty girl who decides to attend a formal dance and wears a short, formal, very feminine dress in spite of her handicap. The thought of her beautiful, strong upper body swinging those helpless, braced legs under that delicately feminine outfit drives me wild! So does the thought of her gathering up her skirt and slip and pulling down her stockings and panties in the restroom to answer a nature call. (Sorry about combining fantasies.)

I believe that my obsession stems from the idea that legs are an integral part of a girl's sexuality. Seeing them totally helpless, supported by metal or wooden sticks when we're taught that women are supposed to bounce along on high heels to be sexy, could be part of the reason for this fixation. I've known several handicapped men and women, and I always treat them as I would anyone else. I realize that I could just as easily be in their situation.

If you could consider a picture of the fantasy I describe for your magazine, I would be grateful. Playboy once had a beautiful blond, but she was in a wheelchair. A woman taking a handicap would not do either. There are a number of attractive women who are permanently on crutches. Maybe one would be willing to pose. Surely I am not the only guy with this fantasy?

LEG SHOW is the first magazine that has made me feel comfortable about admitting my fantasies. I think you've done those of us with out-of-the-ordinary fantasies a great service. Thank you, and keep up the good work.

Sincerely,
L.B.
Illinois



BRENDA: *Cold Cruel World*



I don't want to take care of myself and I'm not ashamed to say it. It's such a cold cruel world out there and I've lived such a sheltered life, is there anything wrong with me not wanting it to change? I could be out there getting knocked around, learning to be tough and independent, but I'd rather stay soft and dependent, and to what if I never amount to anything in the outside world? I could be a lot to some strong man in his inside world. "You wouldn't even have to buy me any outdoor clothes. Lots of beautiful sexy lingerie all I need as long as I'm going to be a homebody. You'd have to make all the money, but I could make it very worth it to you when you come home from a hard day at the office."

"You come in the front door and here I am, all perfumed and freshly made up in nice red lipstick and sultry dark eye shadow. My lace-trimmed in angry black lace bra and a garter belt of the same lace holds my black stockings just on my long, shapely legs. My feet are perched on high black heels and a flamy g-string hugs my cunt. "Darling," I say. "I've been waiting for your orders all day. How can I serve you?" You know I mean it and that I will do whatever you ask, as I have proved myself many times in the past. I'm overjoyed when you tell me to strip for you, as I love displaying my body while you relax and stroke your cock. I lovingly strip you down to your underwear first and bring you a drink and



some oil so you'll be comfortable during my performance and ready to masturbate. Then I start my nose-

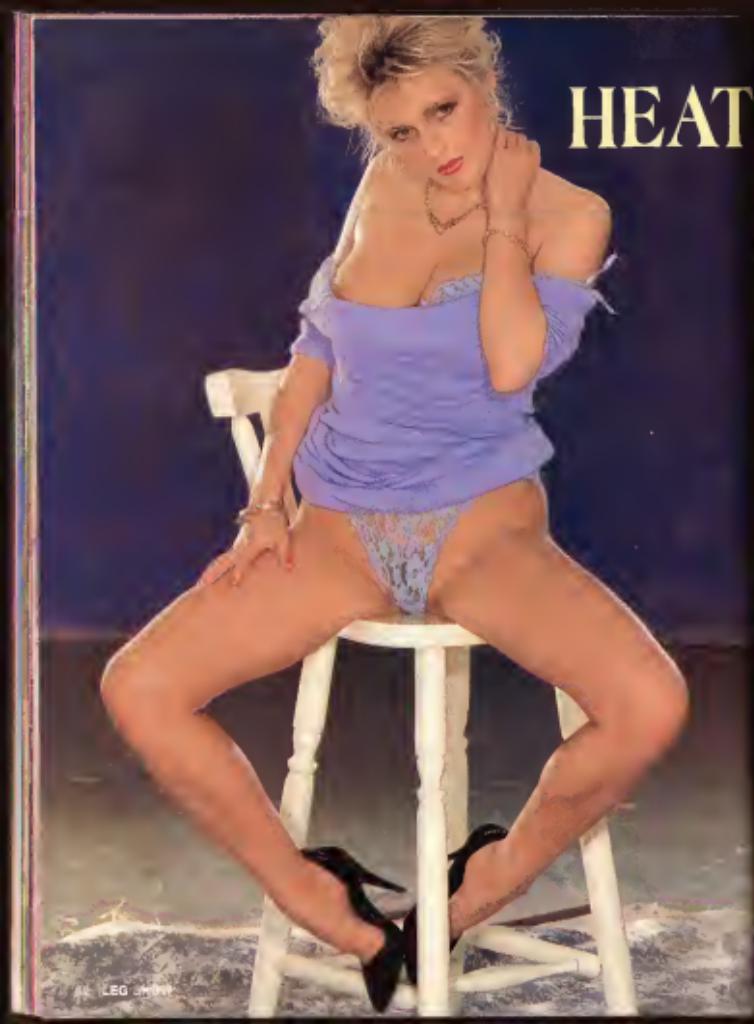
"The rich fragrance of my cunt lets you know how much I enjoy stripping for you. I ease my little panties down over my ass and throw them to you. You hold them to your nose and smoke your cock hairy. By the time I'm down to my soft bare skin your cock is standing proudly, the veins pulsing. It's all I can do to keep my mouth off it. You let me know it's not my mouth you want, though. You want my feet and I'm quick to oblige. Sitting on the floor before you I take the oil and rub it well into my toes and soles. Cocking my knees, I bring my feet up to surround your penis and have my pussy drops when I feel you throbbing between my soles! With the practiced strokes you taught me, I stroke you closer and closer to climax. Please, oh please, I can't help begging. Please cum on my feet. I want you so bad all over my sweet clean feet!"

"Then I feel it! Your hot cum is seeping out, splattering my legs and soaking my feet. I keep pumping until I've worked it all out and then, trembling with the excitement, I bring my toes to my lips and suck all your delicious nocturnal while my own orgasm engulfs me."

"Just think about it. I'm sure someone out there could get into this."







HEATHER:



LOOK
AT
ME



ALL LEG SHOW



ALL LEG SHOW

It's been going on for a long as I can remember. I'm one of those women who will do anything for attention, particularly sexual attention. I come from such a boring, small town and there just won't any way to find excitement, unless I create it myself. It started with my bicycle.

I liked to ride in a little skirt with split crotch panties underneath. You couldn't buy panties like that in my town so I made them myself by splitting the crotch part. Then I pulled my lips through the split and rubbed them 'till they were red and swollen. Now I was ready to ride! It was an easy trick for me to flip up my skirt when I pedaled a lively sex and give him a beautiful flash of my engorged cunt bursting through my panties. I'd have to pedal really hard after a flash, squirming my cunt from side to side on the bike seat until a big orgasm drained my tension away.

The tension never seemed to completely go away, though. Flashing made me want more and more attention. Soon I'd discarded the panties altogether and flashed my bare cunt boldly, letting them see that I was pulling my skirt up just for their appreciation. I even installed a rearview mirror on my bike so I could look back and see their shocked expressions as I pedaled away. When my newfound passion led me to throw up my gown and flash the entire graduating

class of my junior college, from the stage no less, I knew I'd grown too big for my home town.

"So I took my act to Chicago, the Windy City, along with a suitcase full of loose skirts. Oh, the fun I had here! In summer, when the winds blow and I love to wear my skirts over absolutely nothing but my long, lightly oiled legs and bare pussy lips? No sex can compare. It's like an orgy, since I can expose myself to many men and women in a single day and seeing their shocked and aroused expressions is like having a little sex with each one. I'm so excited by the time I get home I throw myself on the bed and spread my legs wide. In seconds I reach my first orgasm, rubbing my clif while I stroke my soft thighs with the other hand. Over the next couple of hours I'll cum many times, with my hand and with various



toys plugging up my cunt and ass. If I'm with a man it's even more intense, and I'll use his cock till it's exhausted it.

"My, if you won't understand my language, I know. It's like sex, the life is one finely satisfying... no, that's all too kinky, come on."





LEG SHOW





EMPRESS VICTORIA'S BREEDING FARM

*In Female Captivity, Release
Is Hard To Cum By.*

By Greta Pommier

The big male knelt obediently in absolute silence, in the hushed and darkened room. His huge shoulders and broadly muscled arms were clasped tightly behind him. The defined muscles of his thighs and buttocks were tensed in expectation. His head was bowed in a universal posture of extreme deference. Between his legs, his penis was hidden, even in the repose of its loose-spartan state. His scrotum hung low, his plump like testicles clearly defined in their shaved sack.

He tensed, muscles trembling with expectation, and listened intently. Footsteps sounded in the tiled floor of the antiseptic corridor beyond the locked door. The footsteps drew nearer. The male tensed slightly, his every sense—so depred in the darkened room—now attuned absolutely to the sounds outside his door. 'Yes?' It was he who responded with joy when he was identified by the sound of two sets of high-heeled footsteps coming nearer. His penis quivered between his legs, his penis began slowly to lengthen and thicken until it lifted, purple-blotted and erect. A key turned in the lock of his door and it opened. The light went on. The kneeling male kept himself motionless, his head bowed and his eyes averted.

A young woman's voice giggled. "Ooh, look. This one's ready for his milky cow for sure. Look at me, Priscilla. Have you ever seen a breeding farm male with a penis so big?" Two sets of high-heels clicked closer. The male glared the shaming pointed toe of one woman's pump just beyond his shoulder. He did not miss his hand or his eyes. The big male sensed that the one identified as Priscilla squatted behind him. She coked and ached over the size of his penis.

Then what he was longing for hap-

pened! He felt a hand boldly examine him between his legs, reaching through from behind under his bare buttocks. It was a knowing hand, a warm hand. The hand grasped his penis firmly to pull it down and backword. A low groan of helpless excitement escaped him then. The young woman feeling his penis giggled. The young man came seated and bent over the big male. He was a young man except from the daringly painted toe of her inch-wide-toed black pumps, up across the tops of her highly arched feet, to linger on the promising curves of her pretty ankles and calves. A spotless white apron hem began at her knees.

The hand between the big male's legs released his penis, which snatched forward to slip鼠ably against his abdomen. A thin three-like string of strong muscle fanned from the tip of the organ to glower at the knotting muscles of his bare thigh. The young woman identified as Priscilla coked and ached. Her thighs were coyly weighed in a warm cooing poison before being abruptly dropped so swing to and fro between his legs once again.

The young woman who had been amazing his spoke. Her soft soprano voice was pitched high and very assertive. "Give me some of the oil, Natasha, and I'll rub it into his penis. The second-shift masturbation team is getting dressed now." The young lady laughed and the big male grunted, fisting fingers thoroughly into his privates. All the white he fevered eyes remained locked on the dainty pumps of the other woman who

stood in front of him. Her shoes were cut so low and stylishly that he could see the ston of the tiny clefts between the bases of her toes. The only sound in the room was the liquid squishing sounds of the oiled hand that casually worked between his legs. Soon the task of the goading hands was complete and the young women abandoned him, leaving him alone and then...

Beyond the headless window fan that filled the high window of the room in which the male knelt, the lawns of Empress Victoria's Breeding Farm were bathed in the peaceful sun glow of a later summer afternoon. The immaculately grounds adjoined the equally pristine campus of the Southeast Scientific College for Young Ladies. The revolution, when it had come, had been nearly instantaneous and all-pervasive: women now controlled the economic and political affairs of the world. Men were identified as slaves, and slaves were not enough to handle basic low-level functions of society. The male women used for sexual pleasure had all been sterilized. Two large genetic-engineering facilities controlled reproduction via artificial insemination. Males were bred with the massively muscled bodies and gigantic penises that women drooled over, but mentally, they were bred to be humble and mellow, and taught to obey females implicitly from their earliest infancy. The strutting ego of the macho male was a thing of the past.

The male cows of Empress Victoria's Breeding Farm were regularly mastur-

"The human male cows were regularly milked by young coeds."

hated by teams of young women recruited from the nearby college. Retractable seats were fixed to the males used for artificial insemination, every aspect of the medical sterilization procedure was carried out in a cold, sterile atmosphere. Cassie's latest heteroetic adventure, to come from their lone, fertile load of maximum quantity and mobility.

Cassie came nervously on a low bench in Masturbator's Chezong Suite 14. She surveyed herself in the mirror before her. Her dark, straight, waist-length hair was held in place by a wavy both attractive and elegant. She unbuttoned her full, pearly lips and turned her head to flip a dark wayward lock from her eyes. Cassie giggled. She couldn't help it! Her costume was so bizarre!

She was the strongest dress she had ever seen. It was fashioned of tight black rubber and extended from a high collar at her neck to knee-length. Actually, it was half apon, half dress. Its sleeves were long, but Cassie arms were covered anyway in matching black shoulder-length gloves. She wore pretty legs too, made of single-toned stockings with large reinforcements snugly cuffing her perfect tons and her heels as well. Cassie crossed her legs and wiggled her stockings foot, arching and pointing her glossy plumped toes in the mirror in front of her.

It all started when she and Dawn Fairchild saw the advertisement for masturbators in the campus newspaper. They snuckered over it for a long time, but had both been eating outside the dormitory. Still, they had been watching a female masturbator rubs themselves on the penises of some of her male room-mates who worked naked. A lot of pretty young college girls were laying around, smirking at the spectacle. Anyway, she and Dawn had actually gone through with it. To Cassie's disappointment, Dawn had been assigned to a different masturbation room. Oh well! Cassie pointed prettily, twirling one long sweep strand of her hair between her gleaming rubber-gloved fingers as she bounced her foot up and down.

And now the show! Cassie uncrossed her legs and pointed her toes, slipping them into the gleaming black pumps of her feet. The sun-sack feel of the stockings had tickled her feet, tickled her feet, but tingled her as well. Cassie stood up, the muscles of her pectorals eases and thights threng, a little at the unaccustomed sensation of precatious

balance. Cassie laughed. With her gloved hands on her trim hips, she strutted back and forth before the mirror, almost toying with the obviously admiring men. Cassie had to admit she also adored the way this bizarre, tight-panted pose emphasized the curves of her hips and bottom.

Two laughing young women entered the room from the far door and collapsed on the opposite end of the long, chaise lounge. They were dressed identical to Cassie. They nodded to her in a polite and friendly way and gratefully slipped off their sex-reach heels to rub their stockinged feet. "Did you see the load that the men have?" their squatred lips quivered. "A pretty blond masturbation inspired of her friend."

They both leapt up into a fit of pealing laughter. The other girl collected herself and replied, "It goes on my stockings and still fills the bottle so full, I doubt there's enough liquid nitrogen in the entire lab to freeze it all!"

"Yeah, and it's your fault too!" her friend accused. "You got him an excited cause you had him fuck your pumps first. The cows lowing during that before they milked."

Cassie paused before the mirror, her pumps both set in an "U" that revealed a monster of prostate distance and fascination. A moment later the door behind her opened. The senior masturbator of Cassie's team, Nonnen Britt, stepped into the changing room.

"Ready, Cassie?" the tall young woman inquired. "How do the pump feel? I know they take a little getting used to, but the males squirt big loads when we're wearing them. Let's go. I bet you a little nervous, right? I was the first night I performed and the next..."

Cassie laughed, warming immediately to Nonnen's outgoing nonchalance. She followed Nonnen down the hall. Nonnen had her push the liquid nitrogen cart, which also contained a foot-activated suction pump that the masturbators sometimes used instead of their hands. Cassie was grateful, holding the push bar of the cart made walking in her stocking pumps that much easier. She was flushed and excited as they walked down the hall, nervously prancing in their expensive, high-end pumps. Their feet were tingled, and their calves throbbed with each marching step.

Cassie was a conscientious girl and tried not to think of what she and Nonnen would soon be doing to the male cows in the masturbation room at the college.

Cassie lined her lips as she accompanied Nonnen to the door of masturbation room 518. Nonnen opened it with her master key and Cassie followed her in, pushing the liquid nitrogen cart. Cassie stopped, shut the door behind her, and then wheeled the cart over beside the knotting table. Cassie couldn't keep her eyes off his big, law-hanging scrotum, dangling down between his knotted thighs.

"Their rubber dresses stretched drum-tight across stocking-thighs."

Her cheeks burned hot as she thought of actually holding a big penis in her little gloved fist and flexing the sperm right out of it. Beneath her rubber dress, Cassie's nipples began to erect, and her breathing grew more rapid in anticipation. She clutched herself for her wickedly wandering hand and determined to be a perfect model of propriety and modesty, no matter what her new job might entail. Cassie set her pouty little mouth in an expression she intended as prim, but was rather a trifle fetchng and suggestive instead.

Nonnen pointed out the landmarks to Cassie as they passed them. "This is the way to 518. Come. We're on level three." Cassie noticed the numbered doors that lined the long corridor, doors of them on each side. "The males on this level have already been masturbated this evening, Cassie," Nonnen continued. "We're taking the elevator up to level five. The fast-staff masturbation team left off with 512. We'll begin by masturbating the male in 518."

Cassie's heart thuddied. She looked down at her tattooed day-dot feet as they clicked along the smooth, monotonous of the tiled floor. Her little feet were dancing on the black pumps that made each step a precise, ignored wiggle. Nonnen looked at Cassie as they waited for the elevator and decided she liked her new partner. "Oh Cassie, one more thing. The males are rigidly trained to keep their hands locked behind their backs. It's not to be cruel to them—don't worry. We have teams of female stimulators that do them and keep them aroused so semen production will stay high. We train them like that because they would be constantly masturbating and wasting their sperm otherwise."

When Nonnen and Cassie stepped off the elevator, they almost bumped into a team of two stroking stimulators. The stimulators giggled. "They're all ready for you," the lead stimulator purred with a pretty dimpled smile. "The cows in 518 are going pre-cum all over himself! I thought for a second there was he going to blow his load in Priscilla's hand! She let go of him just in time." Nonnen laughed. Cassie and the stimulator exchanged a knowing smile, both blushing, they recognized each other, since they shared the same Classical French literature class at the college.

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(continued on page 85)

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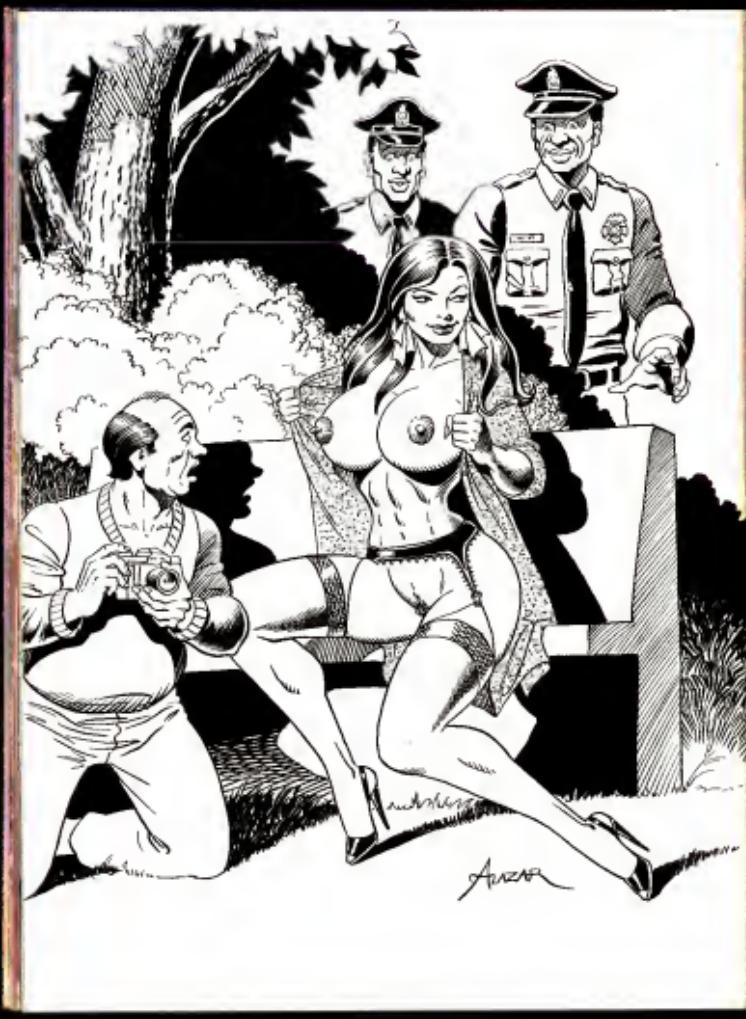
103 My Three Husbands



I just didn't know you cared! After my first appearance in the November '90 issue I got so many letters. Who would have thought so many men would like a cruel faithless wife like me? After I told how I make my husband sit in the closet and masturbate while he watches me screw other men on our marriage bed, and suggested I might like to find a second husband to join him in the closet I got loads of letters. Of course some were from men who'd like to fuck me while my husband could only watch and empty his seed onto the closet walls. Reading about my husband their descriptions of how they'd spread my legs wide and ravage my gaping cunt with their adulterous cocks made him quiver in fear and shame. Watching me masturbate as I fantasized fucking them, while giving him only a soiled pair of panties to shoot his cum into, increased his humiliation until he was begging me to actually follow through. You see, he's so well trained he can only imagine watching me get fucked now, not doing it. I picked him off to quiet him because all these other letters were filling my attention.







Trailing across Jackson Square on a bright spring day, I spotted her as soon as she entered the square through the St. Louis Cathedral gate. She wasn't a knockout, but she caught my attention immediately, primarily because she had so many buttons unfastened up the front of her dress that I could see the bottom of her black panties as she walked.

They stopped. The girl sat on the last bench of the end of the Moonwalk. Lapsed around to the front of her, to see if I could pull up her dress. The girl took the camera off her shoulder, adjusted it and stepped back. Then the girl did an amazing thing—bending directly as she lifted her left foot over the bench, lowering her right foot on the ground, opening her legs, right is my face. A man has this time care over her face as she undid two more buttons on her dress, which she used to so soon all the way to her waist.

MORWICK

FLASHING AND FUCKING WERE

HER GAME

By James Redmond

At least they looked like black panties, from a distance. She had a great pair of legs, accentuated by her high heels. She also had a nice, sexy walk.

She was a tall girl, about 5'9", with long black hair and a good figure. But she wasn't alone. Trailing behind was a geeky-looking man in standard-issue nerd clothing, down to the ballpoint pens in his breast pocket and camera dangling from his shoulder. I had my own Nikon with me and decided to see where

the girl with the fine legs was headed. I followed her through the squares, through the *thoroughfares* of

tours that always crowded New Orleans in the spring, across Decatur Street, over the seawall to the Moonwalk overlooking the Mississippi. It was breezy by the river and I learned to maneuver around to get in front of the couples, who were now walking arm in arm. The women towered over the geek by several inches.

I cut them off, near the end of the Moonwalk, a wooden walkway atop the levee, dotted with wide wooden benches. As the couple approached, and the wind lifted her flowered dress, I could see that she wasn't wearing panties at all. Immediately, I felt a tug in my crotch. Walking past me, the girl flashed a wide smile and simpered back.

HER GAME

By James Redmond

Damn! I fumbled with my camera.
"Not bad, huh?" It was the geek.
"Hell, no," I agreed, handing my camera to my eye to get a look.
and a quick shot.

I looked at the girl, who smiled even wider at me as she kicked back and spread her legs more. I was panting heavily now and nodding. Like one of those idiot dogs on the dashboard of a car, I'd been pulled over.

"Hi," she said, wrinkling at me.
"I'm Catherine." She had a rich,
deep, very sexy voice.

closer and focused on the long, dark bush between her legs. Squeezed off two more shots before looking up again, Catherine turned to her husband and repositioned herself in another pose. I took a quick look around and saw that we

Catherine had lifted her kitten up onto the back of the bench. She

the puzzle, but above the surface, Cuthbert's thoughts were delicate. Third contacts, or that could slice through, seemed to fail. I took another tact, more elusive than before.

Then I looked around again. I don't suppose by now to perceive the real situation, I just do it. Some time ago, I was glad to be going back to the past as being more peaceful but, really, I'd got a newfound admiration for the man he would

The geek nodded to his wife and said "OK, OK."

Catherine, who seemed unwell and the remainder of the audience had let the chess fall on her shoulders. 'You! This woman is raised; the two young men are calm and excited. From their pictures, I assume, really getting interested, began to move over this, over and over again.'

None of it sat the cop until he reported himself. He was a black, and a low-class policeman, in uniform, in back. Moving directly to Calhoun, he didn't stop until he was right behind him. His breath was saturated as he spoke.

...that has done quickly
and he is a frank and friendly at his best
...why does he live with his

DELILAH:



BARE

ESSENTIALS





I used to have my own photos taken. The guy was a wedding photographer, never did anything like this before. Didn't have any prints or anything, just took me in his living room and said, 'Do whatever it is you're going to do' and got ready to take pictures. And I did my stuff.

"When I bought the photos in I was told they didn't look very professional. My photos may not, but I do, and they had to agree and buy my pictures. I am a pro you see I'm a professional dick enlarger, orgasm expeditor and cum master, the Supreme Grand Mistress of Masturbation. And don't you dare call me a whore because I have never touched a dick for money as my life. Why should I? I can get you off and get your money without having to touch your cock. I do the teasing, you do the jerking. Is that safe sex or what?

"It's so easy with you older, 'settled down' guys. You don't really want an affair, do you? A sexy prick tease like me would totally fuck up your secure successful life. One dip of your dog in my tight, wet warm, elastic young cunt and you'd be my slave. Your wife would leave you, your kids would hate you and you'd probably spend so much time growling between my downy thighs you'd lose your job. Then I'd dump you for my next home wrecker when. So whacking it is where it's at, right? Keeps just the right amount of space between us while fulfilling that deep, growling midlife need. And I'd be so happy to pose my supple nineteen year old body while you masturbate. My feet are plump and healthy at this age and have no problems standing for hours in pencil thin five inch



spikes. I like the way my calves get curvy and my soft little pink ass pokes out when I'm inheats. You'd love to pull your cock as I twirled around in circles, making my ass quiver fleshily. When I bend over and peek at you coyly between my legs, my cheeks spreading as I bend to expose my fragrant little brown asshole. I know you'd have to fight to hold your cum back. You can't cum yet, though. I'll put my hand over my asshole and not let you take another peek until you make me happy. A girl needs money to live, you know, just like a man like you needs masturbation. So give Delilah what she needs now or the show can't go on. Here, I'll kick off my shoe and you can fill it with cash, as soon as you take a deep deep snuff of the warm moist leather interior."

"Doesn't that make you feel generous? Just slip your money in and I'll slip my foot back in the shoe, your nice warm money there against my little foot. Now I'll take my hand off of my asshole and open my pussy nice and wide to show you how wet the sight of a man stroking his cock can make a young girl. Shoot for me, baby. You've earned it and we both need it."









In my first layout I told you what a wild thing I am, how I just got to challenge the limits of every man's kink potential. Well now I'm back with an even wilder challenge, two on one. We look just like sisters, don't we? Pearl and I like to capitalize on that, like to use our *innocent* image to tee up a man's imagination, boost his hormone output, build a boner on him that will last through whatever we do to him until we're

both completely satisfied. Both meaning me and Pearl of course. It ain't in the law of nature for us to be caring about the satisfaction of our male toy. And since we recognize ourselves as wild animals, savage sexual beasts, the laws of nature are the only laws we obey.

"The other night we dressed in our tight little spandex minidresses and went clubbing. Mm um, you should





have seen us twerking our tight fitting butts on the dance floor 'till our dresses rode all the way up to our thighs. We stuck our butts way out and humped 'em around with Pearl's thick bush sticking out and my shaved lips glistening all wet and just swollen for the world to see. This horny little Chinese guy grabbed my hips and started grinding his grom right up against my bare lips and when I pushed him off my juice was smeared all over the outline of his stiff dick on the front of his pants. We decided he was the night's toy.

"We played with his penis through his pants all the way to his apartment to get him under our spell. Then as soon as the door shut behind us it was play time. He was surprisingly easy to wrestle to the floor and handily wrangled when we



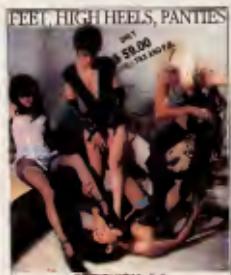
ned our sweaty feet over his face with one of Pearl's week old stockings. We'd stuff her other stocking in his mouth before tying our feet over his nose, which is maybe why he didn't make much noise. Then I sit his pants off with my cute little switchblade. "Don't bitch, now!" I warned, digging my toes into his face. "I'd have to cut your dick before I got to use it." Then Pearl and I stripped away the rags that had been his clothes and played penis pong. That's where we slap his penis back and forth between us using our spike heels as paddles. When that made him dribble pre-cum I tied one of my stockings around the base of his cock to keep him from cumming too soon.

"Since he was now in a position where he couldn't cum no matter how much he wanted to, we decided to make ourselves cum. We took turns squatting over his swollen purple cock and fucking ourselves to

violent orgasms. Over and over his cock writhed and his balls tensed in a strangled attempt to shoot their load, but my stocking tourniquet held him in check. Of course we had to untie our feet from his face to fuck him, but I kept the stocking in his mouth and one over his eyes to keep him under control.

"At last we had enough and after a snack from his refrigerator and a shower in his tub we dressed and prepared to leave. "Oh, we almost forgot our stockings!" Pearl giggled. And so we had. They were still blinding, gagging and cock-controlling our toy. Pearl pulled hers from his face and put them on. Last, I uncased more from around his twitching, still hard cock and gave him one last parting tap with my high heel. The gusher of cum that erupted from him was a real record breaker. It was still spewing out of him as we closed the door and slipped off into the night."



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Diane Hanson. Those other guys think I'm a little nuts for putting so much effort into something that men are "just" going to masturbate with. I think a pleasure that important is worth my devotion. Don't you?

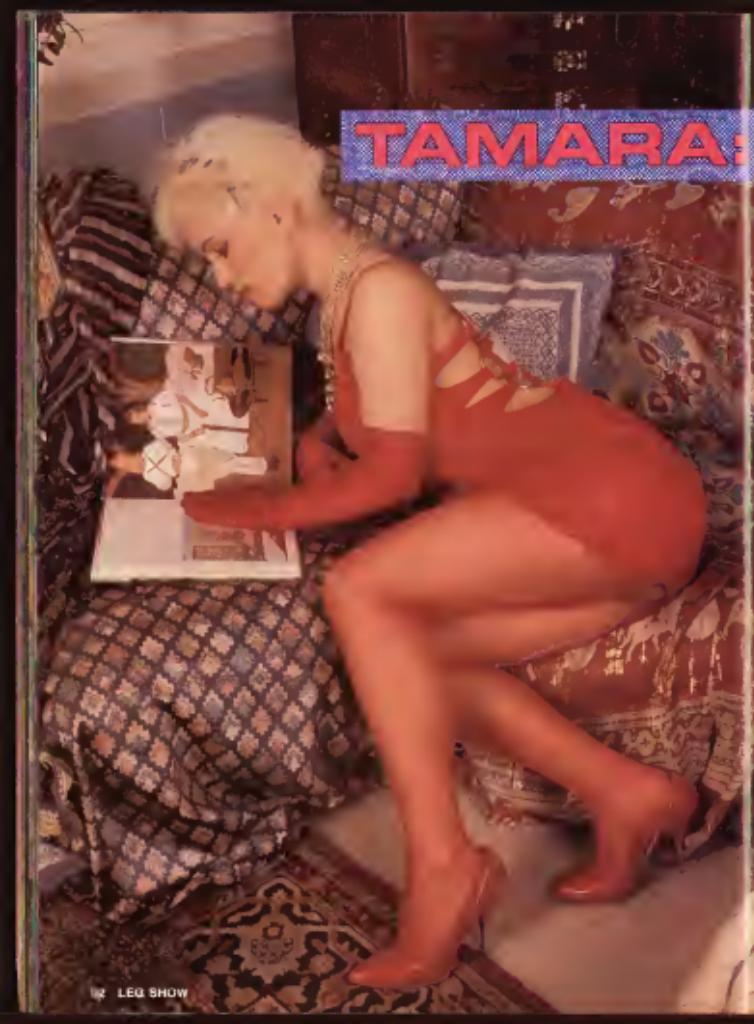
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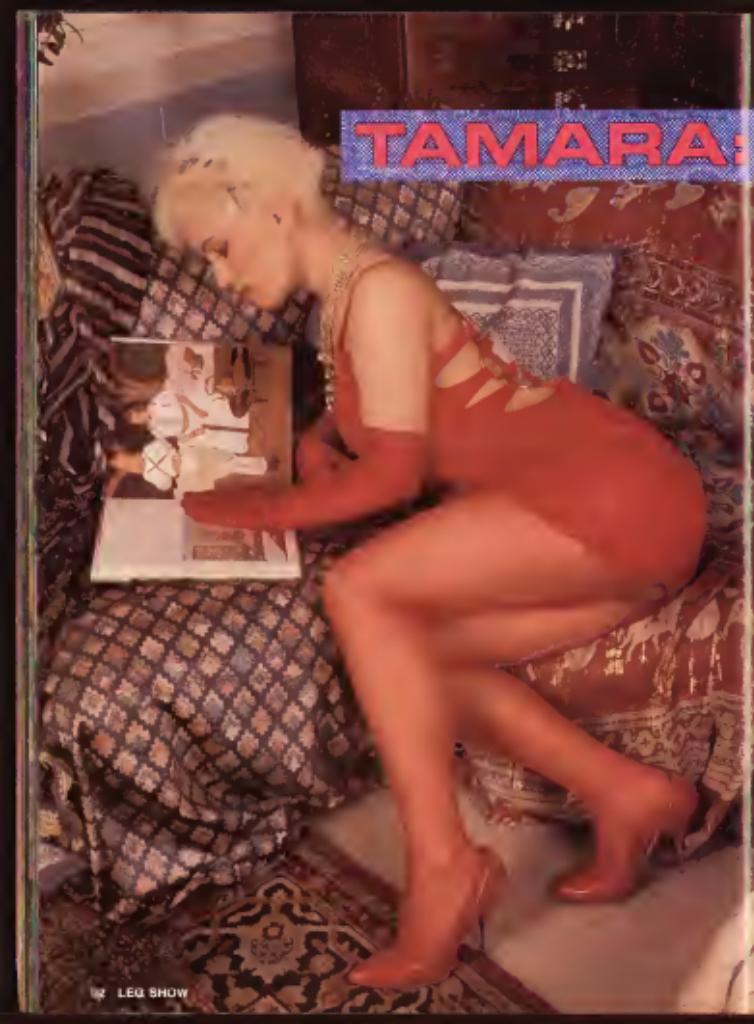
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TAMARA:



ГИ
ВАЛАСК!



Just what you hoped and feared, your Inquisitor is back to make you atone for the sin of self abuse. Don't deny it, your guilt is as clear as the hair on your palms. You bought this magazine with full intention of masturbating, having learned nothing from the treatment I gave you last time. What do you say? Don't you think a no-nonsense older deserves a stiff, no-nonsense sentence? How else will I ever earn your bones?

Let me in for my Victorian Gund... so Moral Care... then see what the Little Sister of the Straightjacket recommends. Ah... a young man can often be broken from the foul practice through profound demasculinization, or "prolonged punishment". Excellent! One of my personal favorites as it's the most humiliating experience that can befall a man.

"Strip your clothes off, right now! Take off everything, every vestige of masculinity, including watches and rings. Now get out your shaving things and lather up your legs. Not a whimper of protest! I want those legs shaved utterly smooth, with not a hint of stubble to snag your stockings. That's right, stockings, just like this, kind you start here on my legs and you masturbate. Why? you have that razor you had better shave off all your body hair, including all those filthy hairs around your penis and testicles. No budge of masculinity for the likes of you!"

"Now get out the泌泌 things. I know you have some around there, no doubt to dull you as you play with yourself. Smooth se stockings up your legs and be careful! Rums and snags will not be tolerated from you, missy! Put on your garter belt and hook those stockings up nice and tight. Now put on your bra and make sure the cups are stuffed full of stockings. Just wouldn't a woman be without her stockings? Now put your pantywaon. It's a tight squeeze for your hips, isn't it? Now your feet are pinched and tormented by those tight shoes may be you'll realize what we women go through to look nice you."

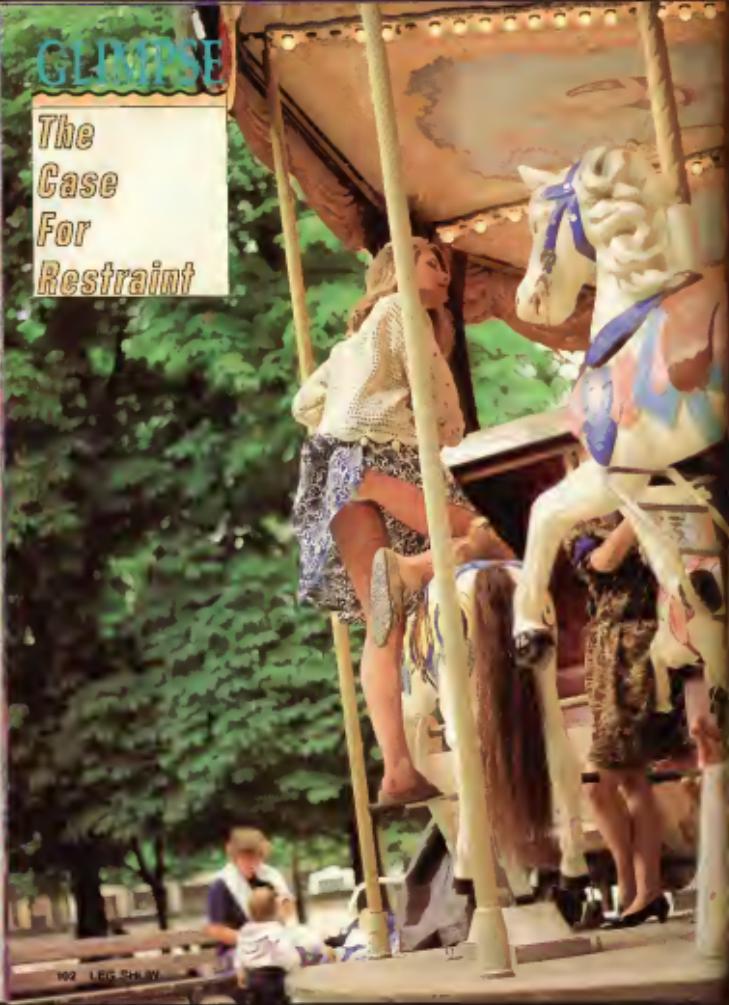
"Okay, stand back and let me look at you. Why you nasty creature. Look at your penis! It's so hard it's actually drooping! You're thinking about masturbating right now! Go get the duct tape. I command you to bend your penis, no matter how hard, back between your legs and tape it down good. I don't want that thing offending my sight a moment longer. Go get a good tight girdle and pull it on. There, now your penis is completely gone, turned into a lovely smooth pussy. I'm that's left to turn you completely into a good little girl is to slip on your finest dress and apply your make-up. Oh, and do fluff up that hair, you can hear your cues from how I do my own. And now I'd like you to take a walk. That's right, out in public, because I don't trust a man like you to be properly isolated just to be feminized in private. As you're walking through your neighborhood, tskering on your heels, draw-stares and whispers, I want to feel the moral correction sinking into you. I want you to feel it and repent. And then when you get home and feel like masturbating, just remember, it'll be worse for you the next time I catch you!"





GLIMPSE

*The
Case
For
Restraint*



On I tagged onto a beauty that day! Just look at her, clear skin, elegant carriage, such shiny hair and fine long legs, even if they ended in those ugly healthy sandals. Her casual disregard for the whereabouts of her hem and a helpful breeze quickly confirmed she had on classic white cotton panties of the kind we all love. It was a fine day for a Glimpse. I followed her to the park and watched her ride on the carousel, loving her more and more for her relaxed confidence. She must have known that

her panties were revealed now and then, but her attitude said, 'I can spare you men this treat, it is no threat to me.' What a woman!

"One of my most exciting discoveries of the day was this girl my young beauty paused to sit on. I quickly investigated and found I could get under the skirt, which goes over a part of the Metro station. What a thrill to peek up her skirt in this classic way, a way we have all dreamed of doing. I got so carried away I almost lost her, as another young beauty passed over-



head, giving me a glimpse of her brightly patterned panties. I clicked off a few shots and then rushed to catch up with my girl, just in time to witness an amazing scene.

"This crazy asshole scooted right up behind my girl and knelt down. I thought he had dropped something until I saw the flash of reflection and realized he held a mirror in his hand. He was blatantly trying to look up her skirt using the mirror in the most classic, intrusive manner possible. I held my breath but

kept my finger on the shutter as she whirled around, catching him in the act. Her reaction was priceless. Without hesitation her lovely knee flew up and sank deeply into the pit of his paunchy stomach. He fell like a ton of bricks and began flopping around on the sidewalk. She raised her foot as if considering a second kick and then decided he wasn't worth it, turned on her heel and marched away. Feeling my own tender stomach I decided to bring this Glimpse to a close and waved as I admiringly farewell to this lovely amazon."





